

# THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

## NO. 4.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

SYLPHS are now then true Sybarites, and like pretty women, (who are often hardly less ærial) they sometimes indulge in indolence with delight. Having then taken the repose which was necessary, to recover us from the palpitation of heart, into which the un pitying herald of the hours, of whom I have already spoken to you, had thrown us by his lamentable howl, we rejoined each other; and now rivalling the Zephyrs in swiftness, and gaily sporting in their fragrance, whilst we darted our inquiring eyes around, we perceived a collection of those little *chef d'ouvres* of nature, which seem to enamel the air with brilliant gems, and which animating solitude, render it still more interesting, by their melodious concerts.

We hastened into the museum. This new establishment you see, said my companion, does honour to the taste and assiduity of the proprietors, but I fear they will be but ill rewarded; for at New-York, about a year ago, the proprietor of a similar collection, was obliged to dispose of it, and he proved by an exact account rendered to the public, that when all expences were calculated and the accounts balanced, in three years his profits amounted to *six dollars and some cents*. But listen to what those gentlemen are saying who are walking near us; I will serve you as an intrepeter. Indeed said one of them, this epidemic indifference which still exists amongst us, to every thing that relates to the fine arts is shameful, whilst we make such a terrible progress in every species of Luxury and corruption. O! Apollo, O! Minerva, cried I, here is certainly a Sylph enclosed in a human frame; he is not alone, replied my companion. But the opinion of these

enlightened persons, is as yet like *the voice in the desert*. But let us attend.

I know, continued this *real* gentlemen, what philosophers have been accustomed to say, relative to the influence of the arts upon morals, as if commerce, which they approve of so much, maritime commerce, which leads young men from one country to another, removed from the controul of their parents, and the observations of their fellow citizens, absolutely free from all restraint, did not expose them to more temptations and more corruption in a single year, than all the fine arts in themselves could do, in more than a century. Does not the cupidity of wealth, always increase with those who possess it, as incessant thirst still torments the dropsical? Is it not gold which corrupts morals, integrity, patriotism, and incrusts upon the soul the rust of egotism, and self-sufficiency? At this moment, I perceived one of the auditors biting his lips with rage. I made my companion observe him, who told me that it was very natural, for he was a *shaver*, who covered the ocean with his vessels, and who to oblige his neighbours, charitably lends to those who are embarrassed, at the moderate rate of five per cent a month; observe with what an indignant look he eyes the honest and judicious American who has just spoken. In truth he almost frightens me, replied I, he has so much the look of the rattle snake behind him; and if I could admit the doctrine of the metempsychosis, I should believe from the expression of his countenance, that he had inherited the souls of some of these birds of prey which I see preserved here.

We Sylphs have the singular privilege that belongs to Frenchmen, that of all talking together, and yet at the same time hearing what is said by others. This happy faculty enabled us to gather, what a respectable old man added to the conversation I have already related to you.

“For my part,” said this champion of liberty, (for



it was one of the brave officers of the Cincinatti who spoke) "you know I apprehended a long time, the introduction of the fine arts into our country; but since now by our connection with the older nations we seize with such alarming rapidity, the venom of those destructive vices, which hurries so many of them to their end, I confess that before I go to rejoin my fathers, I would gladly see my country, at least disguise her premature decrepitude by those graces, with which the ancient nations rendered their age illustrious. Since we could neither be Spartans, nor Romans, let us at least endeavour to be in some degree Athenians. I should feel myself consoled, if I could see the present generation, yield to a less ignoble species of corruption, and if I could descend into the tomb, with the hope that our country would not be reduced to figure in history as a shapeless caricature of *Carthage*!"

I was enchanted to hear that these gentlemen spoke thus like Oracles, but I confess I was not less so, in seeing at this moment, a group of young persons enter the room. The dazzling bloom of their complexions, the gay diversity of colours with which their dresses were varied, the penetrating vivacity of their looks, the roses that ornamented their bosoms, every thing about them seemed to vie with the pretty collection of the inhabitants of the air, that surrounded them, and to dispute with them, the palm of elegance and beauty. With the rapidity of lightning, I hastened to mingle in the charming throng, and as I flew from sweet to sweet among them, like a butterfly in a parterre of flowers; I was soon convinced by the intelligent observations I heard them making, that if the *jeremiads* of the Patriarchs whose words I have just repeated, were well founded in some respects, the lively curiosity which this enchanting little circle displayed, with regard to natural history, was also a good omen of the approaching developement of the human faculties.

Let us go from hence, suddenly cried my Sylphick mentor, lest your wings should be scorched in approaching so closely, the eyes and lips of these lovely nymphs; and then without giving me time to recollect myself and seek some pretext for prolonging our stay in this interesting gallery, my merciless friend, was in the air in a moment.

I followed him with very little alacrity, cursing him to myself with all my soul, giving him to Lucifer with all my heart, and imitating the wife of Lott, in turning my head continually towards the museum, when my austere conductor made me remark the œconomy of politeness which is observed here in public even towards the ladies.

The Italians, said he, overwhelm their acquaintances with servile bows and grimaces, compliments and benedictions, till they are out of breath, here on the contrary, acquaintances pass close to one another without even touching their hats, and saluting each other with as much cordiality as heirs that are at law. As for the ladies, they give them a little nod of the head in so ungallant a manner, that it is the very way in which peasants and chamber maids are saluted in Europe.

To this I observed, that it was much better not to receive so many humble civilities, so many touches of the hat, as with the Italians, and not to be in danger of the strokes of the poignard, which so often accompany their bows. However, added I, I think there is a medium which might be adopted without falling into either extreme.

In conversing thus, my companion led me into a place where the air was so heavily charged with thick vapours, that I thought it was certainly a foundry. However it was only the smoke of segars: although almost stifled yet I could discern that every one present, was yawning as if Morpheus had shed his poppies on their eyelids, in the fear that the same sleepy influence might possess me, I proposed to my companion to change the air immediately which he willingly did; telling me however, that this rendezvous was a *literary circle*; which surprised me, for I had seen only bottles and glasses on the table.

After having regained respiration, we bent our way to the library, and to a hall of exhibition, which offered to our contemplation a pleasing and interesting picture. There we found an incontestible proof of the progress of education in this country, as well as of the aptitude, and industry with which young persons devote themselves to the study of useful and sometimes even dry information; which may lend a double eclat to the charms of youth, and when time shall have robbed them of some of their graces, will compensate for their loss, by the cultivation of their minds and the enlargement of their understanding. These germs of genius and improvement are so much more interesting in these young persons, as they will one day be called to constitute the happiness of families; they will soon impress a delicate taste for letters and the arts on the minds of their children, they will inspire it in the husbands; and thus, by the sweetest influence, they will hasten an agreeable change in the manners of their countrymen, which will be no less useful, than honourable to the nation.

In the library we had ample subject for observation but the soporific atmosphere I inhaled in the smoking club

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of which I have already spoken to you, has so stupified my faculties, that I have not strength to tell you the rest of my day's adventures; therefore to recover my spirits, I shall bend my flight without delay, to the cool refreshing shade of my solitude.

M. A.

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FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

A few evenings ago, myself and three others were seated at my window, conversing on, and pleased with, the grand display made by the heavenly bodies. The moon being full-orbed shed her mild beams upon the waving branches of the willow, while the sportive stars seemed joyful: indeed, universal nature partook of the pleasure of that evening, and appeared pleased with such magnificence.

We had not been long seated, when, very much to our dissatisfaction, we were interrupted by the entrance of one, who deems herself of the first rank, and with all the airs of *high birth* and *ancient pedigree*, brushed in, seated herself, and engrossed, entirely engrossed the conversation that would otherwise have been employed in "*A reciprocal wish to please.*"

This queen of the walk, and lady of the ton, with an airy gaiety not becoming her advanced stage of life, began, with a—"my God, ladies! what! couched up here this pleasant evening! *I'll swear* I think you had better be walking: Come, there went past just now three fine looking beaux fully capable of gallanting in form."

This was to myself, and I believe, likewise, to the rest of the company, a very exceptionable exclamation, for we had all been taught from early youth, to venerate that command which sayeth,—"*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain*"—but this was delicately correct, when compared with what she afterwards frequently repeated.

Miss Affable replied, by saying,—"*As for my part* Miss Flutter, I feel entirely pleased with my situation, couched as it may be; and more particularly so, with this little, this social circle. Come, sit down, and join with us in the pleasure of conversation.

"*Curse your heart*, would you have me die?" said Miss Flutter, "*I'll swear* if I were seated as you are, looking so very earnestly upon the moon, and things overhead, I should sow seeds for the consumption! But however as I'm here I'll sit a-while: come, what are you prating about?"

We have through this window, answered Miss Affable, been viewing yon bespangled vault; each making remarks on the harmony of Nature, and through the same, looking up to *Nature's God*. Some little time before you came in, Miss Forethought recited those elegant lines in Thompson's Spring.

—"*The glitt'ring stars  
By the deep ear of meditation heard,  
Still in their midnight watches sing of Him.*"

And just as you entered, the conclusion of the following extract from the elegant Harvey escaped my lips:—"*I will recite it again:—How bright yon starry diamonds shine! The ambition of eastern monarchs could imagine no distinction, more noble and sublime, than that of being likened to one of those beaming orbs.*"

"*They form Night's richest dress; and sparkle upon her sable robe, like jewels of the finest lustre. Like jewels! I wrong their character. The lucid stone has no brilliancy; quenched is the flame even of the golden topaz, compared with these glowing decorations of Heaven.*"

"And have these little thoughts occupied your minds?" exclaimed Miss Flutter—"I'll swear to God the girl has been under the tuition of some canting priest! How her mind is affected! Wound up, yes, *by my soul*, wound up to the very moon and stars! Come, come, let's banish these trifling reflections, and this lean half-starved kind of talk, and converse, if we converse at all, upon the theme of the day."

Previous to the entrance of Miss Flutter we were very agreeably seated; each exercising thought with the utmost liberty; the different ideas that arose in our minds, we spoke freely, cheerfully, and without reserve. The presence of Miss Flutter embarrassed us all, and unhinged the whole of what was affording unqualified gratification.

After waiting some time for the *theme of the day* to be introduced, Miss Flutter bounced from her chair, and stepping briskly across the floor exclaimed,—"*My God, girls! have you heard the news? Amanda Sensible is going to be married to the son of a mechanic!! A tradesman's son as I am living! What a cursed fool she is: Good Lord how she is going to demean herself!*"—Turning to Miss Forethought, said she,—"*you don't believe it, do you?*"

It is my wish, answered Miss Forethought that it should take place. It is your wish, (repeated Miss Flutter) that it should take place! Yes returned Miss Forethought, and



for very good reasons: *O burn your reasons, by my soul 'tis out of character!* Well but resumed Miss Forethought, whatever I assert, I delight in offering reasons, why, and wherefore."

"Well go on with your reasons"—said Miss F. with a vacant laugh, "as I've been once interrupted in the attempt already, before I proceed I must beg of you to answer me one question: that is, what objection have you to Mr. Mortimer?"

"*Why zounds!* as to any particular objection, to him I've none; however this should keep him down,—you know his parents were not of high birth; you know his father was a tradesman, and poor too."

"O! well if that be all, (resumed Miss Forethought) you have to alledge against Mr. Mortimer, I think your objection, *no objection.* I am of the opinion that *merit, real merit* should not have its eyes put out, while pursuing paths congenial with the dignity of human nature. What! shall Mr. Mortimer be spurned from society, and never noticed because his parents were not of the first rank, but were honest, reputable and much esteemed, constituting what may be termed the middle grade? 'Tis well known Miss Flutter, that the parents of Mortimer were ever respected, and none knew their worth but their intimates. I wish Amanda and Mortimer to be married, because I conceive her to be a girl possessing a fine mind; a mind every way improved, and capable of yielding satisfaction to so deserving a person as Mortimer; and I wish Mortimer to marry Amanda because I conceive him to have a correct mind, a good portion of mental acquirements, and one who has been esteemed for his sobriety and general correctness of deportment, since his first setting out in life. His parents were poor, but *honourable, as by the sweat of their brows did they obtain bread.*"

"*By my soul and conscience* the girl plays the orator," cries Miss Flutter. "I'm of opinion Miss Forethought is anxious to entertain us this evening by way of *sermonizing*; for she brings from scripture a passage about the *sweat of their brows, I'll swear* I think she is cut out for a parson's lady. Only think;—borrows a phrase from that old despised book the bible, in order to embellish her sentence; a book that's been kicked from the *fashionable* circle for years; or however, ever since people have known it to be a fable, a mere nothing. Now never borrow from that despised book any more phrases, for 'tis out of vogue now-a-days entirely."

You Miss Forethought may advance all you can in favour of Mortimer, but can Amanda justify herself in the esteem of the *fashionable* world? She's had offers from

Ned Fop, Richard Winebibber, Harry Age, and Sammy Youth, all men of fashion; they move through our different streets and shine like stars of the first order, and here she's turned these off, and *put up with Mortimer!!!* *By my soul 'tis too much, I'll swear to G—* Oh! I beg your pardon ladies I'd like to have named the name of God irreverently!

I may 'tis true have different views of this marrying business from others, for as to my own part I'd sooner be pummelled with an iron pestle than be married: I'm determined never to marry; Marry! No: *I'll swear to God* I wouldn't marry the best man in the world; no, not if I *knew* him to be such.

Although a good deal hurt at hearing such language from a lady, and one of the fashion too, I could but indulge an inward laugh, while hearing them, for she actually reminded me of the fox and the grapes. Even a much humbler offer would, I have no doubt, be accepted with avidity.

We have cheerfully given insertion to the above, because we highly approve of the strictures it contains. The instances deplorably abound of those who are possessed of heaven's richest worldly blessings, who treat, notwithstanding, whatever has relation to the bountiful author of so much good with contempt if not with disgust. They treat him indeed with the effrontery of unrestrained insolence. They scarcely pronounce ten words, a third of which are not an irreverend use of his name. He is continually in their mouths, but it cannot be uncharitable to say what is so glaringly evident, that he is as much estranged from their hearts as is light from a sequestered dungeon. As to the Bible, in which we have the first and best intelligence of our maker or his views respecting us, to be constrained to employ half an hour in the perusal of even once a week would be thought an intolerable burthen and to attend divine service on the day appointed for assembling to worship the deity, a most offensive task. The richer people are, the more they arrogate to themselves privilege to disregard things sacred. Those objects that are, by the wise and good, deemed awfully venerable, viewed by them, in too many instances, as unreasonable restraints. Gentlemen and Ladies of the present day, are not to be confined within such narrow limits. *Lady* of this country, is adopted by the females of fortune. The term *gentlewoman* which truly belongs to them, is despised. *Lady*, in England, from whence the term derives to us, is the wife, daughter, or sister of a nobleman, and appertains to the consort of a baronet and a knight. H

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many ladies are there, who have no pretensions to the intrinsic character of a GENTLEWOMAN! *gentleness*, from the same source, is defined by Johnson to be *softness of manner, sweetness of disposition, meekness, tenderness, kindness, benevolence*. He adds, OBSOLETE—Melancholy! But can these virtues obtain in hearts closed against any communication with their great author! In proportion as he is secluded from the female heart, must be all the graces which are connected with every thing most amiable. If gentleness, &c. are discarded from the female breast, they do well in adopting the term *lady*, which has no relation to such qualities. It is to be hoped that this perversion of whatever is most ennobling, will not long prevail; that a more just sense of the dignity of human nature will regain its influence, and that *ladies* will be ensured admiration in proportion to their cultivating all that is excellent. A *gentlewoman* who carefully maintains that character is certainly the most exalted work of terrestrial creation, and as such merits a title as superior to that of *lady* as is whatever can be most substantial to the baseless fabric of a shadow.

#### “MEMOIRS OF AGRIPPINA.”

(Concluded from page 319.)

Adverting to the promulgation of the gospel, and its reception by the Roman world, Miss Hamilton offers some admirable suggestions on the insidious operation of early associations in the Gentile converts, and of their subsequent effects in the corruption of the christian church:

“Superstition, whose roots had taken hold of the soil by a thousand ramifications, was too deeply fixed to be easily eradicated: before the first preachers of the gospel it had indeed fallen prostrate; but in imperfect proselytes it revived and flourished; nor has it in the ages that have succeeded given way, so as to promise its speedy extirpation from the christian world. Imperfectly as the religion of Jesus may have been understood and practised by many of its votaries, the benevolent mind will rejoice in tracing its benignant influence in humanising the passions, and ameliorating the condition of the human race.”

To analyse these volumes would be a task arduous to ourselves and invidious to the greater part of our readers, who will, we predict with confidence, pursue the destinies of Agrippina in the original work. As a specimen of the manner in which it is executed, we select the description of the Batavian expedition, which succeeded the second victory obtained by Germanicus over the brave Arminius in the far-famed plains of Minden:

“The season for enterprize being nearly over, German-

icus ordered some of the legions to return by land to winter-quarters; the rest he saw embarked; and, when all were ready for sailing, went on board with Agrippina and his children, anxious to explore those unknown regions, of which some had reported such extraordinary things. The fleet sailed with a gentle current to the ocean: but soon an equinoctial squall commenced, which to the unskilled seamen appeared a storm of unparalleled fury.—Incapable of managing their ill-constructed vessels, they became the prey of terror and despair, and the ships, thus abandoned to the rage of the tempestuous elements, were permitted to dash against each other, or to drive upon the rocks by which they were surrounded. To lighten the ships was the only expedient that presented itself: and, accordingly, horses, beasts of burthen, arms and baggage, were committed to the waves. Of all the horrors that presented themselves to their imagination, the dread of being cast upon the inhospitable shores of England, or Holland, was the most appalling. How little did they imagine that those then barbarous nations should in future times so far excel them in the art of navigation, as to ride in triumph through the waves, in ships of such dimensions as never entered into the heart of Roman to conceive; nor would Agrippina have been less astonished, had she been told that at the distance of nearly eighteen hundred years her history would be written by a female descendant of the barbarians she despised, and that her failings and her virtues would be at that distant period portrayed, with a view of illustrating more important truths than Greece had ever taught, or Rome believed! Germanicus, though a stranger to fear, was deeply impressed with the horrors of his present situation: his ship was separated from the fleet and driven by the tempest to the mouth of the Weser; he there landed with his family, and for a moment indulged the joy that arose on seeing them in safety. But when on the return of day he viewed the coast strewn with the wrecks of the ships that had been dashed to pieces on the shore, and scattered over with the dead bodies of his brave companions, the deepest melancholy took possession of his soul: in this disconsolate state he wandered up and down, refusing to listen to the voice of comfort, and incessantly accusing himself as the author of the great calamity: it is said to have been even with difficulty that he was restrained from burying himself in the same waves that had swallowed up so many of his bravest soldiers: for a time he feared that no ship but his own had escaped the fury of the tempest; but when the storm subsided, many of the scattered vessels were seen slowly advancing, as they were wafted by the wind and tide towards the Weser. Day after day



brought in others ; and the Angravarians\*, willing to shew their fidelity to their new masters, ransomed from the other barbarians numbers of the Roman soldiers who had been cast upon their costs. The ships first refitted were sent without delay to search for their companions, and to recover, if possible, all those who had survived the misery of the shipwreck. Great numbers were thus restored to their own country, some even from so great a distance as the northern parts of Britain, where they had been rescued by the petty princes (perhaps the ancestors of Fingal) from perishing in the waves.—For them the feast of shells may have been spread in the halls which afterwards resounded with the harp of Ossian : but the mind of the ignorant, when impressed by terror, sees nothing save the gloomy creations of its own distempered fancy :—the men, on their return, instead of expatiating with rapture on the brave youths and white-bosomed damsels of Morven, talked of huge sea-monsters, and ambiguous forms, partly men and partly fish ; things which Tacitus believes they possibly might have seen in these barbarous regions, though, as he ingeniously acknowledges, they might be nothing else save the coinage of imagination crazed with fear. If so wise a man as Tacitus did not disclaim belief in the possibility of such marvelous things, we must not attribute to Agrippina a greater share of philosophical incredulity at Rome, among the crowd of foreigners who came from distant regions to do homage to Augustus ; she had particularly remarked the deputies from the British states, and while she remained in Belgium had seen such numbers as might have convinced her, that however they might be disguised by dress or paint, they were in size and shape like other men. But the fables of the heathen mythology, and the fiction of the poets had such a powerful effect upon the imagination that it is no wonder the disposition to believe in the marvellous, which was thus introduced and cherished, should have been too deeply rooted to yield to reason or experience. That the remote parts of the earth were peopled with monsters, was a fact which she never thought of calling in question ; and though the British barbarians on the southern coasts of the island had the human form, it was to her no proof that those upon the northern shores were not such as they had been represented. With very different emotions did Germanicus listen to these tales of wonder. Every account he received of those remote regions only served to augment the deep regret he felt at being forced to relinquish all hopes of now exploring them ; nor could he forbear

\* A German nation, inhabiting what is now the Bishopric of Osnaburgh.

reflecting on the similar disappointment experienced by his father, who, having formed the bold resolution of sailing into the northern seas, and actually advanced as far as Jutland, was obliged to return from the fruitless expedition, without having made any discovery worthy of his fame. He sighed to think that the fates should be thus unpropitious to his family ; but the greater number of those who accompanied him, thanked the gods who had kindly restrained him from an enterprize, that was, in their opinion, audacious even to impiety."

We cannot quit these volumes without congratulating Miss Hamilton on her successful efforts in one of the most honourable and least cultivated fields of literature. Biography, without departing from its appropriate cast, assimilates with every diversity of taste, and extends collateral claims on almost every family of genius ; the chart of experience which it unrolls is equally pleasing to adventurous youth, and to retiring age ; to those that have all to learn, and to such as have little more to know : with the imagination of the poet when he gives "to airy no-thing a local habitation and a name," the biographer arrests the fugitive idea, and from the faded form of memory produces a substantial object, capable of engaging our sympathies, our solitudes, and our affections : with the same penetrating spirit by which the philosopher illuminates recondite truths, the biographer detects the latent sources of action, discovers the secret conductor of the mind, and traces the process of the incidental with the complexional passions in forming the general character. It is impossible not to wish that Miss Hamilton may pursue her biographic career ; subjects are not wanting ; our own country has her heroes and her philosophers, worthy of the recording pen of Genius.

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Mr. Easy,

If you suppose the following will in any measure tend to rouse the attention of our citizens, to the delightful study of astronomy, or induce them to visit the Pantheon for the purpose of instruction, and assisting merit ; I will thank you to give it an insertion in your useful and entertaining miscellany.

Yours, &c.

It is with great satisfaction I inform you of the delight and instruction I received, on Thursday evening last, at the Pantheon, from the lecture of Dr. GREEN, on astronomy and geography, and the display of his elegant illustrations by a *transparent orrery*. The evenings amusement fully convinced our enlightened audience how justly he merits the patronage to which he aspires.

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we are acquainted, and has been esteemed as such from a very remote period.

With what reverence must the mind be filled, when it contemplates the grand expanse of heaven!—To behold the beauty and regularity of the planetary system; the sun, ineffably bright, placed in the centre, and imparting his refulgent and vivifying beams to all the planets, from Mercury, even to the remote regions of Herschel; to observe each planet revolving about the sun, in its proper orbit; to reflect that some of those have again secondary ones, performing revolutions around them, the number of the latter to each primary, increasing as they recede from the sun; to consider the situation of our own planet, suspended in æther, by the wonderful laws of gravity, and perpetually whirling with incredible velocity; to view the blazing comet, with its long and fiery tail, performing its elliptical course within a limited time; and to behold the fixed stars, *each* of which may, possibly, be the *central sun*, to other planetary systems; those, and innumerable other circumstances, convince the mind of the existence of a supreme being, and excite the most exalted ideas of his plenitude, goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence.

If astronomy, then, be capable of producing those sublime conceptions of the deity, surely, the encouragement of the science must have a good moral tendency. In the person of Dr. Green, a pupil of the celebrated Ferguson, the public have now an opportunity of evincing their generosity. To remunerate him for the trouble and expence he has incurred, is the least that can be expected; and, for this purpose, I am persuaded that the exhibition needs only to be generally known. Shall we not countenance science in preference to vicious amusements, or has our own taste so much degenerated?

It afforded me pleasure to observe a number of ladies, at the exhibition, who appeared extremely interested in the contemplation of the “Eidouranion;” their attendance, on such an occasion, reflects the highest encomium on their judgment and taste.

Parents should avail themselves of the present opportunity, so favourable to impress upon the minds of their children a knowledge of the beautiful science of astronomy.—And let the youth of this city reflect, that perhaps, they may never have it again in their power to behold a similar exposition of that polite, and instructive branch of literature.

It is to be hoped, Dr. Green will gratify the citizens of Baltimore, with his exhibition a few evenings more.

SPECTATOR.

Baltimore, August 5, 1806.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Diogenes, one terrible frosty morning, came into the market-place and stood naked, shivering, to shew his tolerance: many came about him, pitying him; but Plato passing by, and knowing he did it to be seen, said to the people; if you pity him indeed, leave him to himself.

Plato severely reprehended a young man for entering into a dissolute house: the young man said, why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter? Plato replied, but custom is no small matter.

Solon compared the people to the sea, and orators and counsellors to the winds; because the sea would be calm and quiet, if the winds did not trouble it.



### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our poetic friends have entirely deserted us; for two weeks we have not received a single line of original poetry. JULIUS! LEANDER! are we quite forgotten? From the charming muse of JUDITH O'DONNELLY, we once received the sweetest wild notes; we hoped she would have continued to send us her effusions; but we have never heard from her since. At this season almost every one retires to the country, and in the delightful shades of solitude, inspired by the woodland Deities and all those objects dear to the poet's eye, we think that many a wreath must be culled from Parnassus; and yet for our short poetic department we are obliged to depend entirely on selection. In truth we receive so little assistance of any kind, that editorial duty is really burthensome; hope languishes, and the honest ambition with which we were inspired, of seeing the Companion assume some rank in the scale of literature is fast fading; those who *can* write, “doing as worldlings do, in giving their sum of more to that which hath too much,” send their productions to other papers. We much doubt, that we shall prove the meridian of Baltimore is genial only to price-currents and marine intelligence. And yet to the general neglect we experience we exultingly make some honourable exceptions. What periodical publication would not receive lustre from the communications of a SYLPH? correct satire, tempered with good nature; sound sense, embellished with all the softer and more playful graces of the imagination; these are the characteristics of our charming Sylph, and while he continues to lend us his fostering aid, we shall not wholly despond.

To our friend the SPY we offer many, many thanks for his kind assistance, and hope he will soon resume his pen.



The following exquisite lines are from the enchanting pen of Anacreon Moore.

### THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,  
And chilly was the midnight gloom,  
When by the damp grave Ellen wept;  
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air  
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;  
All night it lay an ice-drop there,  
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel wandering from her sphere,  
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem!  
To dew-ey'd pity brought the tear,  
And hung it on her diadem!

### THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

BY MRS. OPIE.

"Mother, when these unsteady lines  
Thy long averted eyes shall see,  
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,  
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disowned,  
Can then, blest thought! no more offend;  
And, shouldst thou deem my crimes atoned,  
O deign my orphan to befriend:

That orphan, who with trembling hand  
To thee will give my dying prayer;—  
Canst thou my *dying* prayer withstand,  
And from my child withhold thy care?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,  
Nor start her mother's face to see,  
But let her look thy love bespeak,...  
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on,—and thou'lt perchance forget  
The long, the mournful lapse of years,  
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,  
And e'en the guilt which caused those tears.

And in my pure and artless child  
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;  
Such as she was when life first smiled,  
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms  
A look of fond affection cast;  
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,  
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear delusion flies;  
The sad reality returns;  
My crimes again to memory rise;  
And, ah! in vain my orphan mourns:

Till suddenly some keen remorse,  
Some deep regret, her claims shall aid,  
For wrath that held too long its course,  
For words of peace too long delayed.

For pardon (most, alas! denied  
When pardon might have snatched from shame)  
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,  
Had checked my guilt, and saved my fame.

And then thou wilt wish, as I do now,  
Thy hand my humble bed had smoothed,  
Wiped the chill moisture of my brow,  
And all the wants of sickness soothed.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain  
My poverty has still denied;  
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,  
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung;  
I'd closed my eyes, upon thy breast  
Expiring, while thy faltering tongue  
Pardon in kindest tones expressed.

O sounds which I must never hear!  
Through years of woe my fond desire!  
O mother, spite of all most dear!  
Must I, unblest by thee, expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,  
And all thy past disdain forget,—  
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,  
That crushed my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,  
Both health and youth were still my own  
O mother! couldst thou see me now,  
Thou wouldst not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays  
Both youth and health's carnation dies,  
Such as on mine, in happier days,  
As fondly charmed thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,  
Grief her loved parent's pang to see;  
And when thou thinkst upon the cause,  
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,  
Bid happiness its bloom restore,  
And thus in tenderest accents speak,  
"Sweet orphan, thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?  
O! am I not by hope beguiled?  
The long, long anger shown to me,  
Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?  
Ah! no;—forbid it, gracious heaven!  
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,  
That she beloved, and I forgiven!"